

Mechanical Heart

by Mirayroo

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Drama, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Bunnymund, Hiccup, Jack Frost

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-02-15 20:24:26

Updated: 2014-02-22 17:19:28

Packaged: 2016-04-26 16:48:19

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 10,244

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In the city of Hendrix, life is easy, albeit the pollution. Henrik loses his leg in an accident, and Astrid is unable to leave her job across the country to be with him in his time of need. Henrik's doctor prescribes him the advice to purchase an Android to help him until Astrid returns. But what happens when said Android develops feelings for his Master? Robot AU. DISCONTINUED.

1. Monday

****Hi there! As you may have noticed, I have discontinued my TWDG AU fic, I didn't feel it was very original, and I realized it would take forever to complete. So I decided to write something completely different.****

****Now I do have some noted about this fic, and that is that, yes, Astrid and Hiccup are a couple, and yes, it is a Hijack/Frostcup fic. You just need to give it time for everything to come into play :)****

****But I hope you like chapter one~! ****

*** * ***

><p>There were times when Henrik simply blamed himself for the world around him. After all, he himself had decided to move to the polluted city on his own, but there were plenty of job opportunities and it seemed like a good idea at the time. He came to the city of Hendrix out of desperation for a new life, and he had found it, and a wonderful girlfriend. He worked as an architectural supervisor and he managed to make himself fairly well known within the world of construction. People often tried to hire him to build their new hotels and factories, and as much as Henrik loved his job, he could tell the city was starting to become a little overcrowded. New venues brought in new people; and the higher the population, the higher the pollution.<p>

He wondered what it was like to live on the planet when it wasn't a requirement to wear a respirator helmet whenever you ventured outside. Henrik had a bit of a grudge against them. You could see people's faces, but not clearly. The only time you really get to see someone for who they actually were, was inside a building. The respirators, helmets with common technology inside, protect humans from toxic chemicals. They cover the head in a black, sleek material that keeps out all dangerous toxins. A window made of glass covers the eyes, allowing people to see, and various filters around the mouth and nose kept the breathing air clean. They were bulky and bothersome. Henrik was currently designing a smaller, more convenient model. He doubted the mayor would ever approve of them, but they were worth a shot.

Calloused fingers swept through messy, unkempt, auburn hair. He had been working on the design for the respirators for weeks now and finally had a concept he liked. His forest green eyes fell to the discarded paper coffee cups in the trash bin next to him. There were at least six of them. He checked his wristwatch and sighed, neon blue numbers flashed on a black screen, 2:03 AM. He needed to learn better time management skills. He rubbed at his eyes groggily, and was about to reach for his pen to continue to sketch out more designs for the oxygen mask when he felt soft hands gently dig into his strained trapezius muscles and begin to knead them.

"Hmmâ€|?" He mumbled, leaning back into the pressure working its way through his shoulders. He knew who it was, but was too tired to address her by name.

"You've been up for more than twenty-four hours. I think you should get some sleep, come to bed." She spoke soothingly, continuing to rub her fingers into his skin. Henrik tilted his head back to look up at her. Pink lips pulled back into a smile, revealing pearl white teeth. Blonde hair cascaded over broad, yet feminine shoulders and framed a perfect face. Crystal blue eyes shone with adoration. Henrik couldn't say no.

"Fine," He grumbled, but with a smile. He stood from his chair and followed her to their bedroom; watching her backside the entire way. The girl came over to him in nothing but her bra and panties, which is what she normally slept in; but Henrik did not have the power to see through a blanket so he took his time and appreciated her curved figure. She opened the bedroom door and slipped inside with Henrik right behind her. His arms snaked their way around her waist and he nuzzled his face into her neck. She laughed when the tingling of his slight stubble brushed against her fair skin.

"You need to shave." She smiled, holding her hands against his as they rested on her body. He groaned out an irritated refusal and slowly pushed her forward until they both collapsed onto their bed. The mattress and previously occupied bed sheets were a welcome feeling for Henrik and he sighed in bliss as they rubbed against his bare arms. He could feel sleep coming already. "You're still dressed silly." She spoke from above him, moving to straddle his waist and slowly push up his grey tee shirt. Henrik moved his arms overhead despite his vocal disapproval. Once she removed the article of clothing, he felt her long fingers run over his chest and abdomen; a shiver ran down his spine at the feeling of cool air and digits running along his hot skin. They ventured down to his navel, and then

began following a trail of dark hair until they rested at the hem of his sweat pants. She raised elegant brow at him and bit her lip as she hooked her fingers under the waistband.

He groaned impatiently, pulling at his hair as he watched her hands slowly tug at the pants before pulling them off completely. His teeth pulled at his lower lip and he let out a hiss when her hands brushed over the bulge in his boxers.

"I've hardly touched you and you're already excited?" She commented.

"Astrid. You are sat on me in your underwear okay? Cut me some slack."

Astrid just laughed before removing his last clothing item, committed to relieving him of his problem.

* * *

><p>A slight movement next to Henrik woke him from his slumber, his eyes opened to reveal Astrid lying next to him. She must have stirred in her sleep for she was not yet awake. Henrik sighed through his nose, reaching forward to brush some of her golden hair from her face, trailing his hand down her cheek. Her long lashes fluttered against her cheekbones and her lips pulled back into a weak smile as she nestled into his hand slightly. Henrik chuckled to himself as he watched her, the deep purple sheets of their bed contrasted stunningly with her hair and skin; he couldn't help but admire her beauty.<p>

He glanced past her and towards the window. It amazed him how clear the air was inside, while it was a filthy grey outdoors. The air filtration systems inside the building made things safe, but outside was another story. The air was unsafe to breath without a respirator. His mind wandered to the unfinished design of his own sitting out on his work desk and he sighed. If he could just pull himself away from that for a few days, he might start feeling better. The damn thing was draining all his time and energy and he might even have a mild caffeine addiction because of all the coffee.

Speaking of coffeeâ€¦|

He stretched his arms above his head and rolled over to face the other side of the room. His eyes fell to the discarded clothes on the floor. Last night was probably the best distraction possible, anything else and he would have tried to get back to his work. He pulled himself up to sit at the edge of the bed, his feet almost touching the floor. The mattress hovered off the ground, almost as if it was magically floating, but upon closer inspection, it revealed itself to be resting on black metal support beams that protruded from the wall. The bedside tables worked the same. They had no drawers, just a tabletop like surface, enough to support a lamp. Henrik scratched at his neck while he stood. Astrid was right; he did need to shave, unless he wanted a beard.

His feet made little to no noise as he wandered across the room to his closet. He punched in a code on an electronic screen embedded on the wall and a menu popped up for him to select his clothes for the day. He sighed and decided on jeans and a hoodie. He didn't need

anything fancy. The door to his closet opened and revealed the single outfit. Other clothing items were stored in the back of the wardrobe, hidden behind a fake wall. He grabbed the jeans, which automatically came accompanied by a pair of underwear, stumbling as he tried to hop into them as quick as possible.

"It's a little early for jumping exercises isn't it?" A voice spoke from behind, startling him as he turned around to strike a defensive pose that was quickly dropped when he caught sight of his attacker.

"Well, Astrid, you need to work hard to maintain all of this." He joked, gesturing to his body that was severely lacking in any prominent muscles.

"Mhm." She replied with a hint of sarcasm, raising an eyebrow and sitting up further in the bed, her hair falling to cover her breasts. Henrik just scoffed and pulled on his pale orange hoodie. His head popped out of the neck hole with more of a bed head than he had before. He shook his head, his hair calming slightly, but still looking quite messy. Astrid kicked her legs out from under the sheets and walked over to him, her hips swaying naturally. Her hands flew up to his auburn locks and she tidied them up for him, giving him a quick kiss when she finished. "Go make some breakfast, I'll be out in a minute."

Henrik smiled, "Alright."

He left the bedroom to come face to face with a pair of large emerald eyes. The pointed ears of the dog shot up when it saw Henrik and it gave out an excited bark, wagging its docked tail and sticking its rear in the air. The brunet laughed and continued his way to the kitchen, the large canine following closely behind. His long nails scraped the floor with each step, Henrik couldn't cut them unless he wanted to lose a finger. "Well, good morning to you too, Toothless." He said, giving the dog a loving pat on the head, "You hungry?" The Doberman pinscher's tail increased in speed and he pranced around the room happily.

Henrik made his way over to the cupboard and opened the door, pulling out both a can and bag of dog food. He held them both out to the dog, who excitedly nibbled and gnawed at the can. Putting the bag back, the freckled man pulled the tab of the can to open it, pouring its contents into the bowl on the floor. Toothless gave him an appreciative, yet slobbery, lick before chowing down on his own breakfast.

* * *

><p>Henrik adjusted his tie as he looked in the mirror. He had been called in to supervise the construction of a small hotel down the street, and even if the world was a disaster, he still preferred to look tidy. He wouldn't be the one climbing around to weld metal beams together so he didn't have a need to wear overalls and gloves. He took Astrid's advice after they had eaten their morning meal and shaved, and to say the least it felt much better to have those itchy little hairs gone. He pulled his dark navy trench coat from the coat rack and pulled it on over himself, adjusting the collar before turning and heading out to the living room to grab his coffee thermos off the table.<p>

Astrid, who was on the sofa, glanced up to look at him, her feet propped up on the table, though she moved them for him to get his coffee. "Your helmet is in the porch." She said flatly, not taking her eyes away from her computer screen.

"Thanks." Henrik said, watching as Toothless crawled up on the couch to lie next to his girlfriend. He rolled his eyes and gave the dog a scratch on the head, then followed by Astrid as he instructed them both to "be good."

"I'm not a dog Henrik!" She giggled, snatching his hand away from her scalp, "Go! Or you'll be late!"

"Okay, okay I'm going! I'll see you in a month." He gave her a chaste kiss and ran to the front door, shoving on his shoes and respirator. He took a deep breath through the filters to make sure they weren't clogged, and then headed out the door into the hall of the apartment building

"I hate these thingsâ€|"

* * *

><p>The building was going to be four floors high according to the notes he was given. The workers were currently putting the frame for the third together. A machine was set up next to the building; it had large, visible gears that pulled at chains to lift the metal beams and wooden planks up for the men and women to use. Henrik watched the workers from his spot on the ground. They all seemed to be doing their job just fine. He took a minute to write down a progress report, walking along the construction zone as he did so. He finished and pressed the blue button on his pen to seal it. He stayed on the lot for a few hours, correcting some of the novice workers on what they were doing wrong and how to fix it. Everything was going great and he was positive the hotel would be finished on schedule.<p>

"Mr. Haddock?"

Henrik turned to face a man taller than himself, he had greyish blue hair, a bit of a beard, and piercing green eyes. His skin was slightly darker than the brunet's and his arms were covered in tribal tattoos, "Yes?"

"We have a bit of an issue." The man said, scratching at the back of his neck while he glanced to the hotel.

"What is it?" Henrik asked with concern in his voice. It was his job to make sure everything went smoothly and if this was something serious, he needed to take care of it fast.

"There is a DynaFox android inside the construction area and it won't leave. I think it was lost or abandoned but its system seems to have gone haywire." The man explained.

"Where is it?"

"It's behind the machine that lifts the supplies."

"Okay, thank youâ€|." Henrik trailed off, not knowing the other's

name.

"Aster." He complied. The brunet nodded, giving him a smile before heading off to the lift. Aster watched him go, hands in his pockets.

Sure enough, when he ventured behind the heavy machinery, he met with an android sat on the ground, hugging its knees to its chest and muttering things in what he could only assume was Hungarian. Henrik huffed with annoyance. He moved forward to the robot, tapping it on the shoulder. It immediately shot up straight, turning its head to look at him. It was in terrible shape, its synthetic skin ripped and hanging off in places, revealing copper wires and various technologies. It had also lost most of its hair, and since android hair doesn't grow, Henrik had no idea when it had fallen out.

The robot blinked its eyes, studying him before opening its mouth. "UnidEntified HumAann..n." Its speech card was damaged.

"You need to leave. You are not supposed to be here."

"CanNot reciPRocate oRderrâ€¦Uk!"

"Leave." He stated flatly, crossing his arms as he waited. This was going to be more difficult that he assumed, wasn't it?

"CanNOT Respond CorrectLYyy." Its voice seemed to begin to fade and Henrik could see a few sparks fly from an opening on its neck. Next thing the young man knew, the android was powering down and collapsing against him, pushing him back slightly. He threw the DynaFox off him, causing it to hit the dusted ground with a thud. A sudden yank on his left leg caught his attention and he noticed that his pants had gotten caught in the gears of the machine. Panic was the only emotion left in his body, everything else had already ran away.

"Oh noâ€¦No no no!" He cried, trying to free his pant leg from the mechanisms. His leg was slowly being pulled in closer to the crushing metal and he pulled harder, but it was no use.

The first thing he heard was the sickening crunch of his own leg as it was pulled into the machine. It felt like someone had released a grenade inside of his calf and the bones were the shards of metal that shot out and destroyed everything in range. He didn't even register the scream that he let out of his own throat, all he knew was that it felt hot, like his leg was burning in a fire that couldn't be put out. He felt tears stream down his face as he fell to the ground. His hands scrambling ahead, grasping for something, anything to stop him from being pulled in further. His leg continued to become for and more mangled within the device. The fire in his leg didn't stop but it seemed to make room for a feeling of utter coldness, like he had frostbite. The sensation of both temperatures was overwhelming and Henrik's body collapsed into sobs.

He couldn't see in his panic, everything was a blur of colour but something was moving in front of him, he could only assume it was the feet of the workers coming over to find out what was happening. He heard the machine being turned off and people shouting to call for help but that was all he remembered before everything went black.

* * *

><p>Astrid's tongue poked out a little past her lips as she tied her hair back into a high ponytail. She just finished packing her belongings and was getting ready to go and catch her flight. She stared at her reflection in the mirror, silently debating whether to wear makeup. She shrugged and put on a small amount of foundation, nothing too fancy, just enough to even her skin tone. It was part of her job to travel. She had a high amount of training in self-defence, and she knew how to use weapons such as guns and crossbows. Being an officer was easy for the most part, crime rates were low in Hendrix so it wasn't often she was called to arrest someone. She did however need to travel around the country to train novice officers on how to compete in combat and use their artilleries. They were usually one to three month trips, and sometimes they extended them even longer.<p>

She left the bathroom joined to her and Hiccup's bedroom. Her coat was on the bed next to her suitcase, as well as her laptop bag. Toothless sat by the door, watching her as she hastily walked around to make sure she had everything. She sighed, tossing her cell phone into her coat pocket and zipping up the zippers of both bags. She nodded to herself, grabbing her coat and pulling it over her body; that was everything. She was good to go. She lifted the suitcase from the bed and slung her bag over her shoulder, making her way down the hall of the apartment. Toothless followed right behind her.

She glanced to the dog and smiled, "I'll be back in a month, Toothless. Henrik will take care of you until then." The canine sat down on the floor, tapping his paw against the hardwood in a trained 'yes, I understand.' Astrid poured up a cup of dry food for the dog, knowing he would drink from the toilet sooner than his water dish, and gave him a scratch under the chin. The Doberman licked her face and neck as a sign of good-bye and she was off, grabbing her respirator and heading out.

The blonde walked along the hall of the apartment building, her heels clicking against the floor. It was 10:00 in the morning and her flight was at 11:30, she would need to be quick and avoid anything that could hold her back if she wanted to make it in time. She stopped at the elevator, pressing the button that opened the glass before stepping inside. These elevators were very fast but they had yet to be installed in all buildings. Some, like the building she used to live in, still had the older type. They weren't as fast as the newer models but they both got the job done.

"Hey Astrid! Heading out again?" A voice asked. Astrid turned to see her friend Reagan, who also appeared to be ready to leave. Both girls held respirators in their hands as well as bags carrying their belongings.

"Yeah, I have to go and do some more combat technique training over in Kilgore."

"That's half way across the country." The other blonde commented, she adjusted the strap of her bag, flicking her braided hair behind her shoulder to make it easier to carry.

"I know!" Astrid exclaimed, glancing down to her watch and seeing just how little time she had, "Listen, Reagan, I'd love to chat but

I'm running late so I'll call you as soon as I get to Kilgore!"

"Alright," Reagan smiled, waving farewell to her friend as she practically stumbled out the door.

* * *

><p>He could hear sirens and rushed talking, he was pretty sure he was being placed on something soft, but he couldn't feel anything. Everything was numb and all he wanted to do was cry. His face was wet and hot, he already had, but he wanted to cry more. Everything was so disorientating. He had no clue where he was or where he was going, let alone what had happened. His thoughts became interrupted when he let out a scream of pain so loud it turned his throat raw. Someone had touched him; something had put pressure on his leg. The sense of touch came rushing back to him a fury of pain. The burning sensation was crawling its way through his skin once more and his hands clenched the sides of whatever surface he was on, a gurney perhaps, it would only make sense.<p>

"No stop! No one touch him!" Was that Aster? He could see the man's head of blue hair rushing about and stopping anyone from getting closer, though it was blurry

"Just get him in the ambulance; we'll get him some anaesthetics soon!"

Henrik closed his eyes again, clenching his teeth as the pain subsided once more, he felt himself moving up and into the ambulance with the help of paramedics. A small prick made itself noticeable as they injected painkillers into his arm to calm him until they reached the hospital.

"Mr. Haddock can you hear me?" A woman's voice.

"Mr. Haddock? Please we are going to help you but you need to stay conscious." A man's.

"Open your eyes please sir!" Both Paramedics.

His pupils dilated, letting in much more light than necessary. The faces of the two paramedics were blurred and he couldn't tell who was speaking. He rolled his head to the side to face the one on his right, squinting as he tried to make out her face. She wasn't looking at him, she was looking at his leg, almost as if she was scared. He didn't want to see how bad it was. Judging by the pain he was feeling, he assumed the worse.

He watched as they continued to pump drugs into his body, it was taking a noticeable effect and his vision was starting to restore. He attempted to sit up, but the female paramedic held him down, her face was one of pure concern and worry.

"Please sir, just stay still." Henrik knew she was trying to speak calmly but he could hear the dread in her voice.

"W-what happenedâ€|?" His voice shook considerably.

"Your leg wasâ€|crushedâ€|in the gears of the lift."

"Wha-at?" His face felt hot again, water droplets fell from his eyes and he bit at his lip.

"Sir, the doctors will do everything they can but for now all we can ask is that you stay calm and still. Increasing your heart beat will cause more blood loss.."

"â€|Okay."

* * *

><p>Astrid turned her phone off as she sat herself down in her seat on the plane. She had barely made it in time, but thankfully, it just seemed to be her lucky day. She placed the electronic device back in her pocket and pulled out her book she had brought for the long flight. She began to read and was so engrossed in it that she barely noticed a woman sit next to her. At first, she was fine with the company, but then a small child joined them. Her eyebrows furrowed slightly. She hoped that the little boy was well behaved. She had bad experiences with children before, and even if she wanted one or two of her own someday, there were times when she was put to the test with them.<p>

The mother turned to her, seeming to sense her worry. "Don't worry, he's very quiet. Enjoy your book and if he does get fussy I'll take care of it as soon as possible." She smiled, and Astrid smiled back, crossing her legs and getting comfortable once more.

"Attention passengers. This is your pilot speaking. We will be taking off soon. Please turn off all electronic devices and buckle your seatbelts. If it is your first time flying we expect that you pay close attention to our safety tutori-"

'Check and check' Astrid thought, glancing out the window of the jet. This flight was a little more than 3 hours long. It was a good thing she brought the sequel to her book as well.

It was around 11:45 when the plane finally left the ground, 'Henrik should be getting home from work now. Hopefully Toothless didn't leave him anyâ€|erâ€|surprises.' The dog had done its business in the house before, and Astrid couldn't help but laugh at the memory of her boyfriend having to yell at his best friend like that. Henrik usually kept calm, it was a shock to see him become so furious.

* * *

><p>Henrik stared at the IV sticking out of his hand, he had been situated in the hospital and the doctors had done all they could for now. His leg was stitched and bandaged, but he had asked the nurse to cover it with a blanket. It had been mangled, twisted in all directions; he couldn't even look at it, and to make matters worse the hospital gown was rather uncomfortable.<p>

"Henrik." A small woman poked her head into the room, she held a clipboard against her breast. The white of her clothes clashed with the rainbow streaks she had in her hair, and her smile was stunningly perfect. She approached him slowly, taking her time and watching him with sad, purple eyes. "I'm Dr. Thania, I'll be working with you over the next few weeks." Green eyes stared at her blankly, "We hope to

get your leg to heal as well as possible but there is a chance that we may need to amputate it if it becomes irreparable." She said calmly, standing next to him and holding his hand for support.

"What? No, no you can't do that! You need to fix it! I need my leg I can't-" The small woman covered his mouth with her finger, shushing him.

"Henrik, we are going to do everything we can okay? Calm down."

"I don't want to lose my leg!" His voice cracked slightly as he stared down at her hand in his, he clenched his fingers around hers a bit tighter, he could feel his heart beat increasing and panic washed over him as he began to hyperventilate.

"N-no! H-Henrik please! It will be ok, I promise! You need to stay calm, don't put too much stress on yourself!" She sat herself down at the edge of his bed, letting go of his hand and pulling him into a hug.

"B-but-"

"I know. I've dealt with patients in your position before, and almost all of them go home with all limbs attached so please, try not to worry." She whispered, rubbing his back soothingly.

Henrik pulled back and looked into her eyes, knowing immediately that she was telling the truth. His shoulders fell from their tensed position and he leaned back a bit more, crossing his arms over his chest. "A-alright!"

Dr. Thania smiled, "We will take the bandage off in a day or two to see how everything is going. We have your IV filled with a special medication that speeds the healing process so we will know what to do soon."

Henrik nodded, "D-do you have a phone or something? I'd like to be able to call my gi-"

"It's all taken care of Dear; we've contacted all of your friends and family."

"Oh okay. Good."

The colourful girl let a small grin come to her face and she stood to take her leave, "You'll be fine. I promise." She reassured him, before making her way out of the room to speak with either another doctor, or another patient.

"If you say so!" Henrik found himself muttering.

* * *

><p>Please review if you can~! I love feedback and it helps me to keep stories going~!

Jack will come into the story soon, either chapter 2 or 3.

2. Tuesday and a Tuesday

Well, here is chapter two! Unfortunately I couldn't manage to fit Jack into it without going over my word limit, so he will definitely be in chapter 3! Hope you like this one~

* * *

><p>When Henrik woke the next day, he expected everything to be a dream, though nightmare seemed more fitting. Unfortunately, for him, the first thing he saw when he opened his eyes was the pale blue walls of the hospital room. He could hear the faint beep of his heart monitor in the silence. He was the only one in the thereâ€| Loneliness was not the right word to describe what he felt. He didn't feel lonely, but he didn't want to be alone. There was a difference. He glanced to his IV. He expected it to be empty when he awakened, but a nurse must have refilled it overnight.<p>

He felt tears brim in his eyes and he fought them back, crying wouldn't change his situation. He sat up on his bed and sighed, the lumps of his legs underneath his blanket made him shudder. He still hadn't looked at it. He bit his lip, reaching for the cotton sheet and pulling it away. He stared vacantly at his left leg. He couldn't make out every little detail about it, but he knew his leg was bent this way and that, along with his foot. The machine had attempted to blend and mix his leg like ingredients to a cake. He hoped it could be fixed, the sight wasn't very pretty and he definitely could not walk in his condition. He was glad they had wrapped it, he didn't want to think about what his skin looked like. He was about to cover it once more when there was a knock on his door.

"Good Morning Henrik." Dr. Thania entered the room with a smile; she held a tray of food that smelled quite good considering it was from the hospital's cafeteria. She walked over to him, glancing to his leg. "You feel okay? I brought you some breakfast." She smiled sympathetically and held the tray out to him. He covered his legs once again and took the tray with a quiet thank you. The tray she brought held a breakfast sandwich and a cup of coffee, as well as an orange. Coffee was a welcome sight.

"I'm feeling fine, all things considering." The rainbow haired woman sat on the edge of his bed as she done the day before. She stayed quiet as Henrik ate. He sighed happily the moment the coffee hit his taste buds. He knew he had an addiction, but was it _really _that bad when it tasted so good? Another knock echoed in the room and the two looked up to see, of all people, Aster. He stood with his hands in the pockets of his jeans, staring at Henrik with a frown. He trudged over slowly, stopping at the end of the bed. Henrik placed his mug down on the tray and watched him. He expected someone else to visit him first, like his cousins, or his father, not the man he had only met yesterday.

"Hi." The brunet said, raising an eyebrow at the other male.

Aster looked up to him, his face showing nothing but guilt. "Henrik, I'm sorry." Henrik was confused, why would he be sorry? It wasn't like he pushed him into the lift. He only told him about the androidâ€| Oh.

"Aster, you didn't know that was going to happen." Henrik tried to

smile, but it came out strained.

"I know. But I wish I did. I would have never told you." He said, shaking his head as he spoke.

"Hey, I'm alive ok? That's all that matters. Besides, my leg will heal in no time." Hopefully, he added in his own thoughts.

Aster nodded, sitting in the chair next to the bed on the opposite side of the doctor. He didn't speak for a long time, nor did anyone else. Henrik finished his sandwich during the quietness, sipping his coffee as he waited for someone to say something. He couldn't think of anything to address at the moment, so he figured it was best to wait for someone else to speak.

"Henrik? I need to change the bandages on your leg before noon." His doctor said quietly, eyeing Aster from her spot on the other side of the patient. She was probably wondering what connection they had.

"What time is it now?" Henrik asked.

"9:30." Aster answered, looking down to his watch but not back up at them.

Dr. Thania stood from her spot on the bed, "It's best if I do it now. I might get called to another patient later." She explained, "I'll go get the supplies." She swiftly left the room, her shoes clicking against the floor and slowly fading into nothing as she traveled down the hallway. Henrik turned away from Aster. He wanted to cry so badly, he wanted this whole thing to be a dream, but he'd be damned if he broke down now, when people were with him.

Aster looked back up at him, forest green met with emerald as the man opened his mouth to say something. "Henrik, I'm sorry. And I know it's not my fault, but, I can't help but feel guilty. In a way, I guess. I just want to help you. I'll do whatever you need me to do. I can get you some juice or something to read or-"

"Aster I appreciate it, really. But I'll be fine. My girlfriend has been told what happened, I'm pretty sure, and she should be able to come back and help me within the next few days." Henrik explained, staring at his hands in his lap. Aster should know he wasn't needed, Henrik hardly knew him so why should the man devote his time to him. He wondered if Astrid actually knew what happened. Dr. Thania had said they contacted all his friends and family, but did they just mean the ones inside Hendrix? Astrid was in Kilgore. Oh god, he ran a hand through his hair, letting out a sigh. He didn't need to stress himself out. No, everything would be ok, Astrid knew and she was on her way back. She'd be here soon.

"Are you alright?" Aster's voice spoke roughly against the calm of the room. Henrik had been silent for a nice while without noticing.

"No." He whispered, shoulders shaking as he fought back his tears.

* * *

><p>Astrid collapsed against her hotel room door as she finally got

to kick off her high heels and toss her bags on the floor. She'd been traveling so long and her feet were aching, as well as her neck. She had fallen asleep in a weird position during her taxi ride and now she had to pay for it. It was about ten at night and she wanted nothing more than to fall into her bed and sleep for a few days. She groaned, she had to get up early didn't she? Looking to her schedule, she groaned again. Yep.<p>

She took a hold of her suitcase and laptop bag, tossing them both on floor near the bed. She pulled the elastic out of her hair and let the ponytail fall. She hissed at the pain and massaged her scalp. Opening her suitcase, she pulled out her nightdress, changing quickly and diving into the welcoming sheets. She took her phone from her discarded jacket and turned it on for the first time in hours.

Its screen illuminated.

Instantly, she was bombarded with text messages and missed calls, most from an unknown number.

She held the phone to her ear as she listened to her voicemail. It was an automated voice.

"Hello. This is Hendrix Hospital. We have called to inform you that your friend: Henrik Haddock, has been placed under our care. He is in a stable condition and you are welcome to visit him anytime. Thank you for listening."

What? Damn it, she knew Henrik was clumsy, but what did he do this time? She dialed the number that left the message as fast as she could and waited.

* * *

><p>Henrik's arms clenched at his sides as he took deep breaths. His eyes were clenched shut and he could feel Aster rubbing his back in small, comforting circles. He felt his teeth grind uncomfortably but he didn't care. Dr. Thania sighed, reaching to put a hand on his shoulder.<p>

"Henrik I'm sorry. But it won't heal the way we hoped it would. This is what needs to be done."

The tears that he had fought so hard to keep back had finally came rushing and broke the dam. They kept falling and Henrik couldn't stop them. He could hardly get enough oxygen in his lungs and he wanted to scream and break something.

"Y-you said..you wouldn't need t-to do-"

"I know what I said!" She grabbed a hold of him by the shoulders, her small hands holding him in place firmly. "I know what I said. I thought it would be fine, but now that the bandages are off I can see it's not going to turn out the way I had hoped."

Henrik bit his lower lip as he held back a sob, he stared into her eyes with anger, maybe even a sense of betrayal. "You Promised! You promised you wouldn't need to-"

"Henrik!" It was Aster this time. He spoke loudly into Henrik's ear

from behind him. "You need to calm down! You think I'm not panicking inside? 'Cause I am mate! I am! But I'm trying to be strong for you ok? You need to be strong for me, please, I'm begging yaâ€¦" Henrik couldn't bring himself to speak after what Aster said, he simply turned his upper body away from the Australian.

"Henrik, they'll give you an anesthetic to put you asleep and you won't feel a thing. I promise." Dr. Thania took a hold of the 28 year old's face, forcing him to look at her, "You're gonna be fine, now lie down so we can move you." He shoved the woman's hands off his face, eye brows furrowing as he hesitantly lay down. They minute they put their hands on him, his demeanor changed again.

The brunet didn't bother to hold back his whimpers as he was moved out of his hospital bed. He continued even as the doctors began pushing him down the hall. Aster followed for as long as he could, until a nurse stopped him and told him to go sit in the waiting room. Henrik kept weeping out protests against the amputation as they brought him closer to the operating room. Dr. Thania would not be performing the amputation, and that did nothing to calm him either. His hands were taken away from his face as the doctors put a mask over his mouth and nose for him to inhale the sedatives. He barely had time to object before they began to take affect and his vision faded into a calm darkness.

* * *

><p>Astrid sighed and hung up her phone. She wasn't allowed to speak with Henrik, apparently he was going into surgery. She pulled her legs up to her chest and let out a muffled scream into them. She just wanted to know what happened, but they wouldn't even tell her that. She'd have to find out herself then. She was going back. She grabbed her phone once more and called her boss.<p>

"I'm going back home." She stated before he could say hello. She was already stood from her bed and packing her few things she took out.

"What?" Her boss sounded shocked, which was understandable.

"I'm going back home. Something happened with my boyfriend and he is going into surgery now. I'm going back." She began to take off her nightdress again, putting in in the bag as she pulled on the pants she had on previously.

"Astrid, wait! You can't!"

"What do you mean I can't!?" She snapped, halting her actions.

"You know how everything works! The jets are done flying for a few months now!" Astrid stopped, her eyes widening. She had forgotten about the rules. Oh god nothing was going her way was it? The airplanes only flew one month out of three to cut back on pollution and she had only managed to snag one of the latest tickets as it was. They had finished their runs.

She ended the call without so much as a good bye and threw the bedside lamp against the wall, causing it to shatter.

* * *

><p>"Is he going to be okay?" Aster asked a young nurse who had stopped in the waiting room to use the wall as a hard surface as she wrote something down. She turned to him surprised, not expecting anyone to address her.<p>

"Who?"

"Henrik" He muttered, looking up to her from his seat.

"Oh" Uh, sir, its more than likely that he'll be fine but there are some risks, just like with all surgeries." She scratched just at her face as she explained, her fingernails running over three small beauty marks just below her right eye that happened to be a different color than her left; one pink and one blue.

"What kind?"

"Well, let's see, he could get blood clots in his leg that may travel to his lungs causing breathing problems. He might get the feeling that his leg is still there too, which is called a phantom limb, and it can hurt him. He might get an infection in his bones too" and he might lose motion in the joint nearest to the cut."

"Oh god" Aster covered his face with his hands and the nurse sat next to him, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"It's highly unlikely though! Don't worry!" She smiled at him, giving his shoulder an affirmative pat.

"It's not that" I just feel really guilty" Aster explained, giving her a shrug as he did so.

She took her hands away from him and rested them on her thighs, staying quiet for a long time, not knowing how to comfort the stranger. She quietly played with her long brown hair streaked in green and blue as she thought. Eventually she looked up to him and gave him a small nudge, "Why don't you go clear your head a little bit? Go get a coffee? We'll call you when Henrik wakes up."

Aster bobbed his head up and down slightly and stood, leaving the room without so much as a 'thank you' or 'goodbye.' The young girl huffed and stood as well, the poor man must have been going through a lot if he was that rude. She walked off down the hall of the hospital and back to her computer where she looked up Henrik's file. She scrolled through until she found the events that occurred most recently, finding a picture of the man she just spoke to clipped inside them. His name was E. Aster Bunnymund, and it seemed he was the one to instruct Henrik Haddock to go to where his accident happened. Oh. She placed a hand on her chest and frowned, maybe it was a bit more complicated then she thought. She glanced back down the hall, only to see him leaving the building.

Aster grumbled to himself as he walked along the street. His respirator was acting up again and only one of the filters was working. He wasn't in danger, when one stopped it was usually just clogged, but it was annoying when he only got half as much oxygen as he wanted. He would need to head to North's to get it fixed. Lucky for him it wasn't that far so he wouldn't need to pay for a taxi. He took out his phone and opened the two black pieces of glass; between

them, they projected a holographic screen with apps. He tapped his finger against the call icon and dialed the number for the shop he went to almost weekly. He quickly made himself an appointment. The shop was just around the corner from where he finished his call. He opened the door and walked inside of the large store. He removed his respirator, hooking it on his belt, and made his way to the front desk.

He stood there for a moment, waiting to see if anyone was around, before deciding to hit the 'press for service' button. Sure enough, North came out from the workshop area, wiping oil and grease from his hands in a cloth. North was a large man. He stood about two heads taller than Aster himself and he was very broad in his shoulders. His long white beards stopped just above his waist; and too make him even more intimidating, he was also Russian.

"Dobryy den Aster! I just get call! What you need today?" The man placed his cloth on the counter, giving Aster a clear view of his tattooed arms; they were identical except one of them read 'naughty' while the other read 'nice.'

"My respirator's cloggedâ€|" He said, placing the helmet on the counter, "And I guess I could also use a friend. Maybe." Him and North were close, but they also had a bit of a friendly rivalry, fighting over who was better at working with machines. Aster worked as a construction worker only temporary, he was still in training to be a mechanic and technician. North seemed to teach him like an apprentice.

North took the respirator and began to open up the filtering compartments, "What is the problem?"

"Listen, Iâ€|I don't know if you know him, hell I didn't before today so, I'm not even sure you can help."

"Nonsense!" North laughed, taking the last compartment piece out and beginning to clean each of them out.

Aster explained to the man in front of him about the events of the last two days. He told him of how he had gotten a job at the construction of a new hotel, and that he had told the supervisor that there was an android on the lot, ending off with how Henrik had to have his leg amputated because of him. North sighed as he put the pieces of the helmet back together. "Now Aster, a bad thing did happen, but it's not your fault. You did not know what would happen to the man."

"Yeah I know, but I still feel guilty. Can't really help that."

"You say he needs leg amputated?"

"Yes."

"He have anyone to help him at home?"

Aster thought for a moment, "He said his girlfriend was away, he thinks she's coming back but I'm positive the planes are done their rounds for a while."

"Hm. You wish to help him?" North inquired, handing the gas mask back

to his costumer, "That is twelve."

"Yeah I guess so." Aster agreed, handing North his money. He ran a hand through his hair before putting them both in his pockets.

"Well you can take care of him!" North smiled, clapping his hands together excitedly.

"Not what I had in mind North. I can't stick with him all the time you know."

North let out a quiet 'Oh' and his smile fell. He rubbed at his beard thoughtfully before chuckling to himself and pointing his index finger into the air, "I can help! Tell doctor to give me a call!"

Aster laughed along, "Alright, alright. I will." Aster's phone began to play its little acoustic guitar ringtone and he flicked it open to look at the caller ID. "Ai! That's the Hospital! I got to go! Thanks North!" Aster turned as fast as he could, strapping on his newly repaired helmet, and running out the door. North watched him with amusement; he swore that man could run faster than a rabbit when he wanted to.

* * *

><p>"They took off his leg, Astrid." Reagan's voice was quiet, and so was Astrid's.

"What?"

"They had to amputate itâ€|Normally I'm all for cool battle scars and stuff but, this is really differentâ€|.I'm heading over there now, I'll let him talk to you when I get there, if you want."

"Y-yeah. That'd be great."

Astrid felt her lips tremble and she let out a shaky breath, wiping tears from her eyes and laying her phone on her hotel bed. Her feet rested underneath the soft sheets, and she curled her toes inward, as she did with the rest of her body. Her and Henrik were going to take the day to bring Toothless to the dog park, plans changed when she was called into go to Kilgore. The only reason Henrik went to the construction zone was because he knew he couldn't spend the day with her anyway. If she hadn't been called into her stupid job, they would have gone for a relaxing day with their dog, but no. He had to go to work and get hurt. There were so many things they could have done to prevent it, but they didn't.

* * *

><p>Reagan followed the signs that hung on the walls of hospital, her twin brother followed behind her quietly, keeping his eyes on the ground. She eventually found her way to the front desk, meeting with a nurse, the one with the contrasting eyes. She waited until the girl finished type on her computer before asking her question.<p>

"Hey, uh, I'm a friend of Henrik Haddock's." She didn't know how you were supposed to introduce yourself at a hospital, but hopefully that

was good enough. She adjusted her jacket slightly, pulling the zipper away from being tangled in her braids.

"Oh. He's in surgery right now. You can wait in the waiting room and I'll call you when you can go see him." The nurse spoke with a calm soothing voice, she understood the worry for the young man. Having a friend or family member in such a critical condition was frightening.

"Thanks." Reagan smiled, grabbing her brother by the wrist roughly and dragging him to the chairs of the waiting room.

"Hey, that hurts!" He protested, fighting against her until he managed to free his arm. Reagan let him go, turning to stare at him as he rubbed at his wrist.

"I'm sorry Teaganâ€¦I'm just nervous." She sat down in a chair, a little ways away from where some small children were coloring pictures at a little table, their mother sitting right by them on her phone. The other blond sat in the chair next to hers but didn't look at his sister. Reagan could sense there was something off about him, but it only started when they found out about their friend. He seemed to be in a sort of denial. Though he fully understood what happened, he kept forcing himself to avoid the topic. Reagan knew her brother and Henrik were never that close, but they did know each other thanks to her and Astrid's friendship.

"You don't think I'm not? Sis, I'm still trying to wake up from a dream that I know is reality. Do you know what that feels like?" He looked to her from his slouched position in the chair. His hair was just as long as hers, but he kept it straight and simple, never doing anything with it other than when he tied it back from his face. He wore a simple grey beanie on his head to help him look less "like a girl." Reagan just let him believe that.

"People lose arms and legs all the time so-"

"He'll be fine. I get it. But you need to remember its Henrik ok? He's kinda sensitive about himself as it is so he might just think he's some sort of freak."

"So wait till he's better before making peg-legged pirate jokes?"

"Exactly."

The twins snickered to themselves. Maybe Henrik could use a few jokes right off the bat just to boost his mood, but nothing to bold.

The front door slammed open causing the siblings to startle; a man entered the hospital and instantly ran towards the front desk, speaking to the nurse who watched him with a smile. Teagan glanced to his sister and raised an eyebrow; she could only shrug. The nurse pointed the cadet grey haired man over to them and he nodded, making his way over. Teagan straightened his posture immediately, watching the man sit next to his sister. The male twin furrowed his eyebrows, the man had tribal tattoos all over his arms and he was not about to let him even look at his sister.

"Excuse me dude, but why the hell are yo-"

"You guys are here for Henrik?" The man spoke before he could finish his sentence, "I'm Aster; I was there when he got hurt."

"What are you like his body guard or something?" Reagan asked.

"No I work with him." Aster answered flatly, quickly continuing with what he was already planning on saying. "But I need to tell you that he's going to be needing help when he gets released so you guys have to do something for me."

The blonde twins looked to each other before both nodding.

"You live in his apartment building, and his girlfriend ain't coming home anytime soon. I can't do this, but you can. I need you to check on him daily. The nurse said you should."

"Yeah we can do that, right?"

"I don't see why not."

"Great. Also, feed his dog while he's here." Aster smiled.

The man and the twins sat in silence after that. All just waiting for a sign that they can go see their friend. Eventually, the young nurse entered the room and got their attention. She led them to one of the recovery rooms, a different one than Henrik's first, and opened the door, stepping in with them.

Dr. Thania was by Henrik's bed, she turned to them and beamed, "He's out cold. He might wake up soon but he's gonna be a little loopy."

The twins kept their distance, watching Henrik sleep from the far end of the room. Aster however, immediately walked right up to the patient and sat in the chair next to him, watching his chest rise and fall with his breath. Teagan pulled his sister to the small table accompanied by two chairs and they sat down a nice distance away from the other two.

"He seems to care about Henrik a lotâ€¦!" Reagan commented with a smile, watching Aster.

Teagan nodded and agreed, "Maybe that's a good thing."

* * *

><p>When Henrik had first woke up after his surgery, according to Aster, he had taken a hold of the edge of his mattress and started to cry, claiming "he was stuck in a box." It was obviously the sedatives, but Aster had a good laugh. Henrik smiled at the story too, though mostly finding it embarrassing. Reagan and Teagan had been there as well, and when he was mostly sober, they let him talk to Astrid, who he made laugh with a few dopey phrases. Only he knew, but he was actually a bit more aware than he let on, he didn't want to have people sympathize with him, and pretending to still be drugged was a good way to get smiles on their face. And for him to hear Astrid laugh, even if he couldn't see her, was enough for him to smile.<p>

It was two weeks since the incident when Henrik was allowed to leave the hospital for the first time. He still needed to come back for checkups, but he had been giving a booklet with various exercises he could use to strengthen his leg, or what was left of it. They had amputated it just below the knee. The hospital had given him some crutches to walk with until they could fit him with a prosthetic, but they also gave him a temporary one for now. They ordered him to use it around the house to practice putting weight on his stump, but other than that, he used the crutches. He was still getting used to not having a leg, and sometimes he woke in the middle of the night with a sharp pain where his leg _used _to be. He could still wiggle his toes too. They told him it was normal, but it was scary.

Today was the day he finally got to find out what the hospital wanted him to purchase. Aster was apparently in on it, and he wouldn't tell him. The two of them were walking away from the hospital and down the sidewalk. Henrik had wanted to take a taxi but apparently, the store wasn't that far. Which was weird considering the only shop close to the hospital was North's. Whatever, he'd just follow along. Honestly, Henrik wouldn't admit it, but walking with crutches was fun.

"We're here."

"This is North's."

"Yep. Now come on."

Aster normally would have dragged him inside, but he tried to refrain from touching the amputee now that he was minus a leg. The two walked inside and thankfully, North was already at the counter, fiddling with a laptop someone had dropped off. He smiled when he saw them, waving them over.

"Hello Henrik! How is leg?" He said, with both excitement and sympathy

"Missing." Henrik chuckled; he had made it a habit to joke about it, it kept him from becoming depressed over the loss. Which he was told could indeed happen.

North laughed himself, "Well, I have discount for you!"

"A discount on what, exactly?" He turned to Aster, raising an eyebrow.

"An android mate, the doctors know you got no one around to help ya, and an android can do just that!" Aster grinned, hands on his hips. He seemed to think it was a great idea.

"Woah, hold up! Do you know how small my apartment its? It barely fits me and Astrid, let alone the dog!" Henrik held up his hands in protest.

"Calm down, it is just until Astrid comes back. You can return Android after if you like." North explained, "You need to purchase one though, doctor's orders, with a bit of my own in there as well."

Henrik sighed, musing over the matter. If he was going to purchase something like this, he needed to make it convenient for himself. He

read somewhere online that the DynaFox 1.0 androids, the first generation model, came supplied with a special type of battery; a battery that he needed to make his own respirator design. He finally opened his mouth to speak, "I'll take the cheapest one you have."

"Hm." North turned to his computer, searching the product list for the android that was in Henrik's price range. "Cheapest robot is first generation model from DynaFox. That ok?"

"Yes." For the love of god yes!

"Now, there is thing with these. The third generation comes in glass tube, you can see them and they are already put together, but first generation comes in box. You do not know what they look like. Plus they need assembly."

"That's totally fine."

"Okay, I go get it." North complied, walking off to the android section of his store.

Aster looked at Henrik, "Why the first generation? The third is so much better!"

Henrik just shrugged and smiled, "They have a special battery I need for an invention I'm working on."

"So you're gonna scrap it?"

"Pretty much. "

* * *

><p>Please review if you like it, I love feedback and it makes my updates quicker!

End
file.